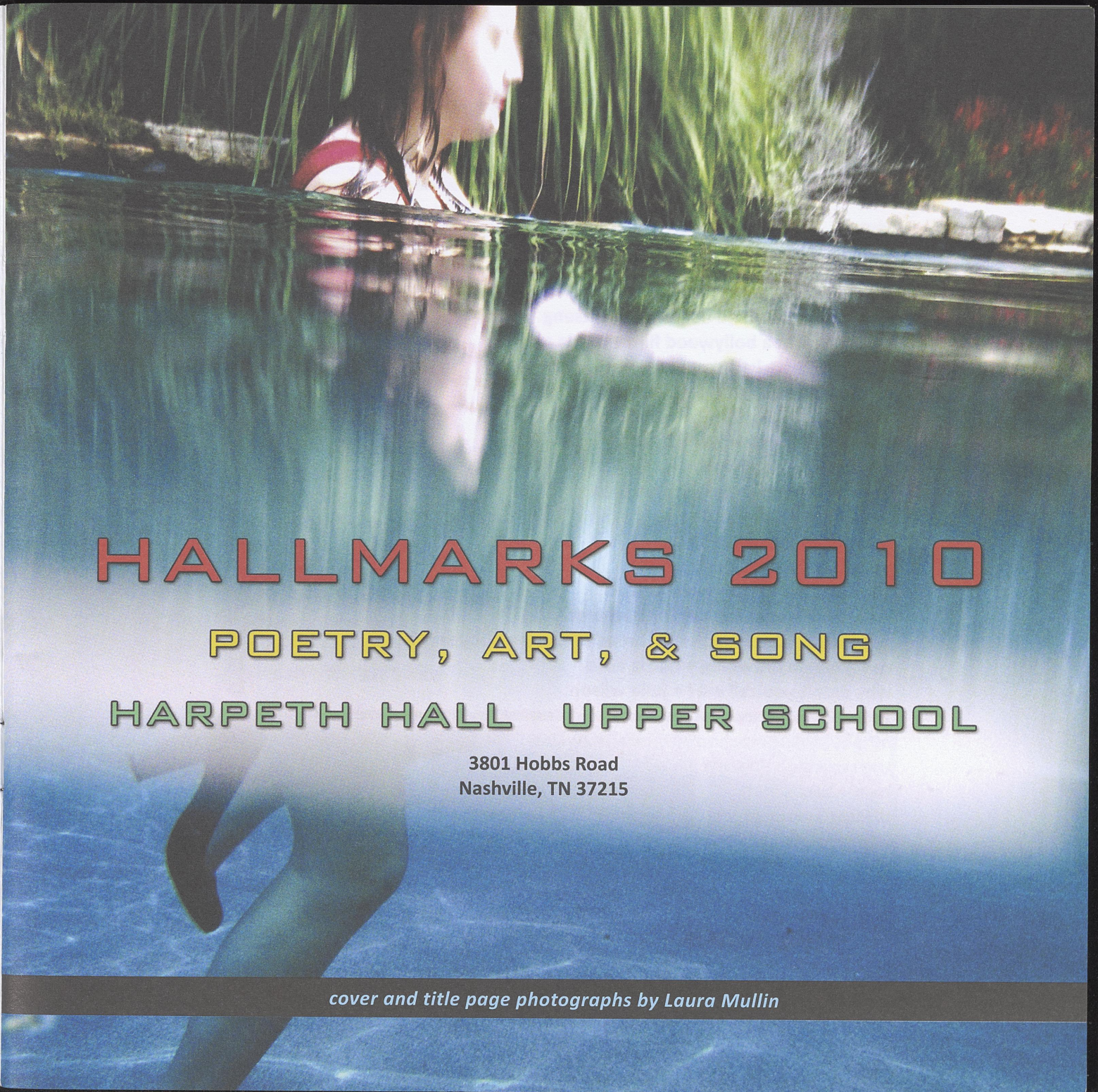

HALLMARKS
2010

Instant Silence
As water blocks out the frivolous white noise of your life

—ELEANOR HUDSON



HALLMARKS 2010

POETRY, ART, & SONG

HARPETH HALL UPPER SCHOOL

3801 Hobbs Road
Nashville, TN 37215

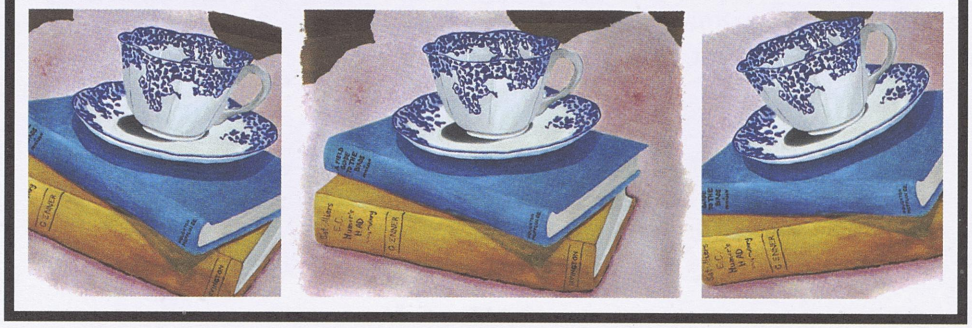
cover and title page photographs by Laura Mullin

VERSE

friendly imperfections • bridget bailey 6
advice • caroline kay 7
roger • mary liza hartong 8-9
my world is rounded edges • emily tseng 10
how to watch a bollywood film • maria asad 11
depot dozing • katie martin 12
on olympic villages • claudia crook 13
at home with his family • jen earthman 14
expected caprice • marie mccord 15
a moment • anonymous 15
born of the sun • mary liza hartong 16-17
loneliness • abby smith 18
solutions • margaret burrus 19
paradiso • emily hong 20
angels of the earth • bonnie scott 21
inevitable sameness • emily buzhardt 22
put the needle through the thread and pull • abby smith 23
thoughts on drowning • maria asad 24
why didn't you call me? • julie wilson 25
earliest known mechanical musical instrument • caroline hawkins 26
athena versus arachne • caroline hawkins 26
the sky • bonnie scott 27
haiti • sara schott 28
drinker • anonymous 29
flannery o'connor • grace tipps 30-31
jimmy stewart • amy bowers 32-33
o.j. simpson • cassie sanders 34
marlon brando • griffin saunders 35
how i beat shaq — oedipus rex • maggie griswold 35

ARTWORK

water dancer • laura mullin	cover
split dreamer • laura mullin	title page
literary • margaret lowe	table of contents
heroes • madison jones	7
elma • virginia hite	9
stuck • stephanie miller	10
ski goggles • anna spickard	13
lovers • lexie sheucraft	14
daisies • lexie sheucraft	15
sea shack • michelle chintanaphol	17
jump • rosie compton	19
from angel run • grayson eckert	20-21
in an elevator • grayson eckert	22
needle • kelly earthman	23
lost • megan darnell	24
trouble in mind • allison richter	25
brothers • jenny cook	28
one last sip • andie estes	29
mad men • bridget bailey	back cover



"Literary" by Margaret Lowe

DOMESTIC

cultural, social, and local musings

"FRIENDLY IMPERFECTIONS"

BRIDGET BAILEY

When I was young
In *Madeline* I read
Of a ceiling crack that had the habit
Of sometimes looking like
a rabbit.
I found a fine menagerie instead:
Iguana on the kitchen table,
Scuff-mark Alligator,
Vulture in the cellophane,
Flying through the windowpane
Like clouds but better
Because they stuck around,
The oaken door
home to Hound.
Said the art teacher one day,
Something's not quite right.
Unintentional likenesses must be
eradicated.
And the walls came tumbling down.

"ADVICE"

CAROLINE KAY

"Do not arouse or awaken love
until it so desires,"
King Solomon composes.
Asking for wisdom, Solomon received this gift from God:
He wrote of a lover and beloved
Delighting in their beauty and ownership of one another—
That the grave of jealousy is to be feared.

His book *Song of Songs* is arguably the best advice on relationships anyone could give.

King Solomon had 700 wives.



"Heroes" by Madison Jones

"ROGER"

MARY LIZA HARTONG

When I wake
there is an appreciable distance between my bed
and the kitchen,
the first of many obstacles that tend to come after sunrise.
I clomp down the stairs, creating crop circles in my coffee
and arousing Roger the dog who lies higgledy-piggledy
on the floor,
limbs and fur everywhere.
I dare not reach into the freezer for a pop-tart,
as he, my greatest friend
and kibitzer, will stare me out of eating it.

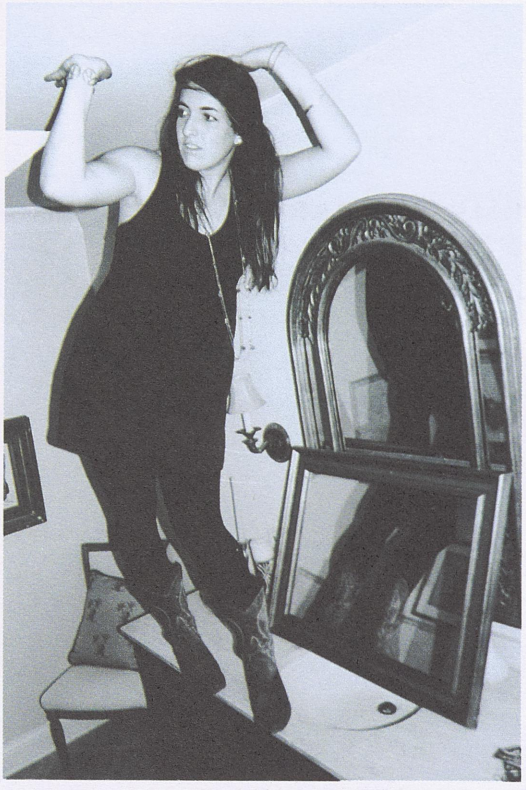
Before scuttling out, I deterge the wound
on his forepaw and tell him once again
that I am sorry
I cannot afford to take him to the vet.
He is altruistic,
that disheveled old mop of a dog, for I hear no ululations as I leave,
though the neighbors always complain of his noise
during the day.

The sun journeys across the sky,
I mosey down murky streets,
and wonder if he too
wanders.
Is the heat of the day too much
for an elderly being like himself?
I imagine him on the browbeaten orange rug, half dozing
half waiting, eye lashes down.

But then again, no.
Roger, whose tail is always too close to knocking candles down
starting conflagrations,
would spend his day leaping,
shaking out his coat, grinning at the window.



"Elma" by Virginia Hite



"MY WORLD IS ROUNDED EDGES"

EMILY TSENG

My world is rounded edges
(so forgive me if I'm naïve).
Rounded edges, yes, and protection:
Shielded from the world by stark white shirts and sunglasses.
Put the brakes on, honey.
That cheesecake will go straight to your thighs.
Let's talk about this.
Muted light, muted sound, because
the only life worth living is a long one, right?
Don't forget your coat.

"HOW TO WATCH A BOLLYWOOD FILM FOR AMERICAN AUDIENCES COMPRISED OF SINGLE WHITE WOMEN"

MARIA ASAD

Don't ask about the dots.
Don't roll your eyes at the patriarchal figure.
Don't come away self-satisfied with the discord under the saffron surface.
Don't expect much.

Do look for the wet sari scene
The writhing women, the navel shots
Estimate when they'll become flavor of the month

Come out of it dazed knowing that it was just an escapist fantasy

And that there exists a world outside
Without protracted family drama
And no army of servants
Though there's no lack of short and dark comedic figures

Remember that the leading lady was paler than the Indian family that lived next door to you
Did you hear the filmi music wafting from their shuttered house?
The family that would bundle into the Suburban like a caravan
And make their way off with sparkling clothes
Remember when you were jealous?

Maybe you should be glad that you're not Indian
You'd be embarrassed by the camp and feel somehow responsible for it
Though if they're on the menu now
Where does that leave you?

"Stuck" (opposite page) by Stephanie Miller

"DEPOT DOZING"

KATIE MARTIN

My head hits the pillow with a long, tired sigh.
When my body says it's time to sleep, I must comply.
I roll onto my back and sink into the sheets
And suddenly the only sound is my heartbeat.
My body is sinking deeper and deeper into the springs
When suddenly a voice pounds in my ears with a ring:
My eyes open with a sluggish and dreamy flutter
And I almost find the means to mutter –
When I see a man standing over me with a tattoo
And an apron that says, "How may I help you?"
"It's closing time, ma'am," he says with a laugh
When suddenly I realize I'm staring at the Home Depot staff
I grab my cart and run towards the door
I just wanted to buy some paint at the store...

"Ski Goggles" (opposite page) by Anna Spickard



"ON OLYMPIC VILLAGES"

CLAUDIA CROOK

The ancient Athenian gathering
is recreated again and again—
years of training culminating
in world-renowned games.
Hailing from the farthest reaches
of the globe, they come to live together:
a pantheon of the fairest, the fittest,
celebrating their godly physiques
by carousing in ungodly ecstasy.

I just hope to God they're using protection.

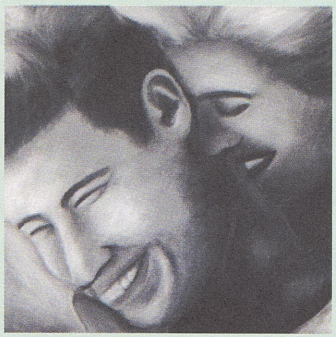
According to CNN and other news sources, 100,000 condoms were distributed in the Olympic village at this year's Vancouver Winter Games.

"AT HOME WITH HIS FAMILY"

JENNIFER EARTHMAN

At first glance it looks country
A traditional brick façade
A coat of grey paint
But walk through the grand double doors
It's unexpected
A sleek oasis
The perfect mix of urban and rural
The dichotomy of city-country
A peaceful sanctuary
The couple is sugar and spice
The most magical thing
Becoming parents
It's a role they've both embraced
Having breakfast in their kitchen

a "found poem" from *People* magazine



"Lovers" and "Daisies" (opposite page) by Lexie Sheucraft

"EXPECTED CAPRICE"

MARIE MCCORD



A seed with roots of spring awaits the coming hour,
amidst the snowy ground for mists of April showers.
Those shining pearls of life at the moment opportune
will gently raise the seed from its foliage cocoon.
The fertile ground ebbs and flows with Neptune as its lead,
and adjunctive with the heaving land flits the small seed.
With expected caprice, the earth makes her contradiction.

"A MOMENT"

ANONYMOUS

The trees are moving past
And the light is somehow orange
At the end of the day.
I want the world to pause so I can write
The poem in my head.
My brother takes the long route home:
This way we have time
Time to finish the song on the radio.
I'm so happy but I don't say a thing
Because he's my brother and he'd ruin the moment
If I said that it was one.

QUESTIONS

outside of the box reflections on what it all is

"BORN OF THE SUN"

MARY LIZA HARTONG

My art teacher was not born here.
And when I say that, I don't mean it in a whispered way like
"Did you hear... he's Korean!"
Because it's not a different country he's from
but a different world.

He must have been born from sunshine,
Like maybe one day somebody just took the sun and squeezed it
out like a great big orange
and there he was, dripping out
probably smiling
and remarking about the quality of the light here.
"This is great! You stay put while I run and get my easel!"

He doesn't walk, he bounds.
It's like he's always just on the brink of going somewhere really good,
somewhere he's never been
except that somewhere rests in our art.
"Yes! That abdomen is perfect! Look, everyone! Ellie has created life!"

"Not really," I say
and his whole face falls.
"No, Ellie. Don't say that," he says,
in the most genuine way I have ever heard.
"What we cannot be, where we cannot go,
we must draw." I'm amazed at how uncharacteristically still he is.
"But, Ellie, if you don't believe you can do either,
live or draw life
Why be alive at all?"



"Sea Shack" by Michelle Chintanaphol

"LONELINESS"

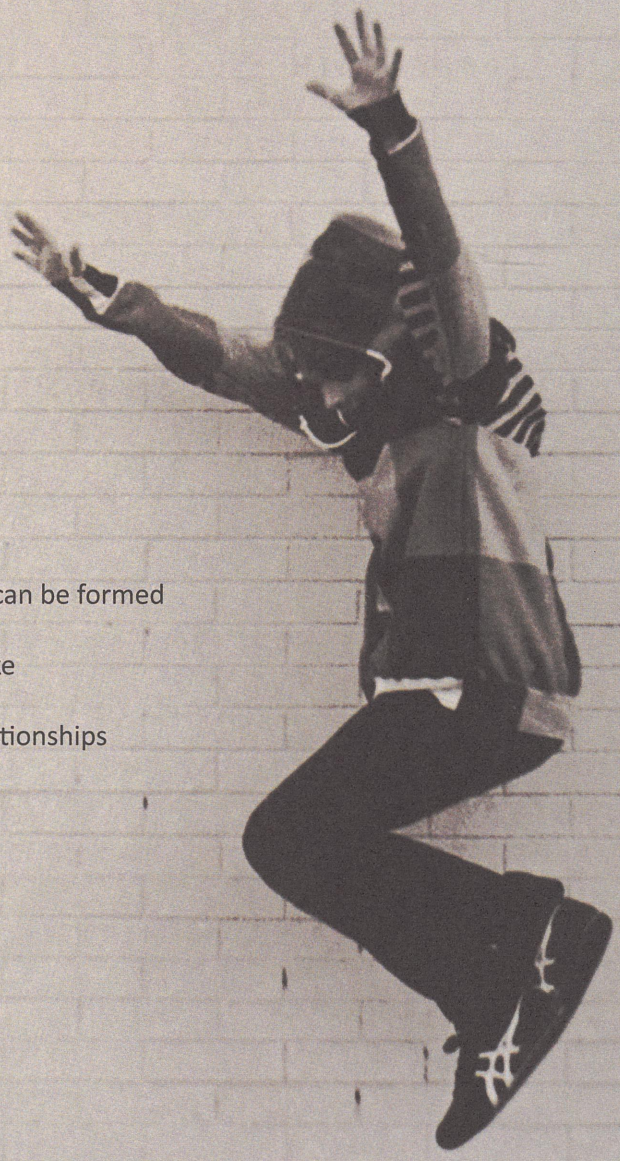
ABBY SMITH

Loneliness feels like a repulsive taboo
Because simply hugging me asks too much of you

"SOLUTIONS"

MARGARET BURRUS

"Jump" by Rosie Compton



An angle is formed by two lines colliding.
Each one, inching along, on its own beaten path
stops
at one point.
The globe is a constantly moving coordinate plane.
Every bobbing head walking down the street
is a vertex of its own
And from these billions of fuzzy skulls
a series of angles and linear relationships can be formed
by simply living life
And from far, far away the world's living game is like
a giant kalediscope
of colors and shapes and patterns and relationships
And like this visual toy,
only the slightest movement in the wrist
or a mere tilt of the head
can change everything.
the moment, image, home, city,
country, continent, world, universe
may never be viewed the same way again
So the girl who is in math class asks,
What's the point?

"PARADISO"

EMILY HONG

We shot from this earth as music does fly
When emitted from dulcimer strings
The sight left me speechless, not even a sigh

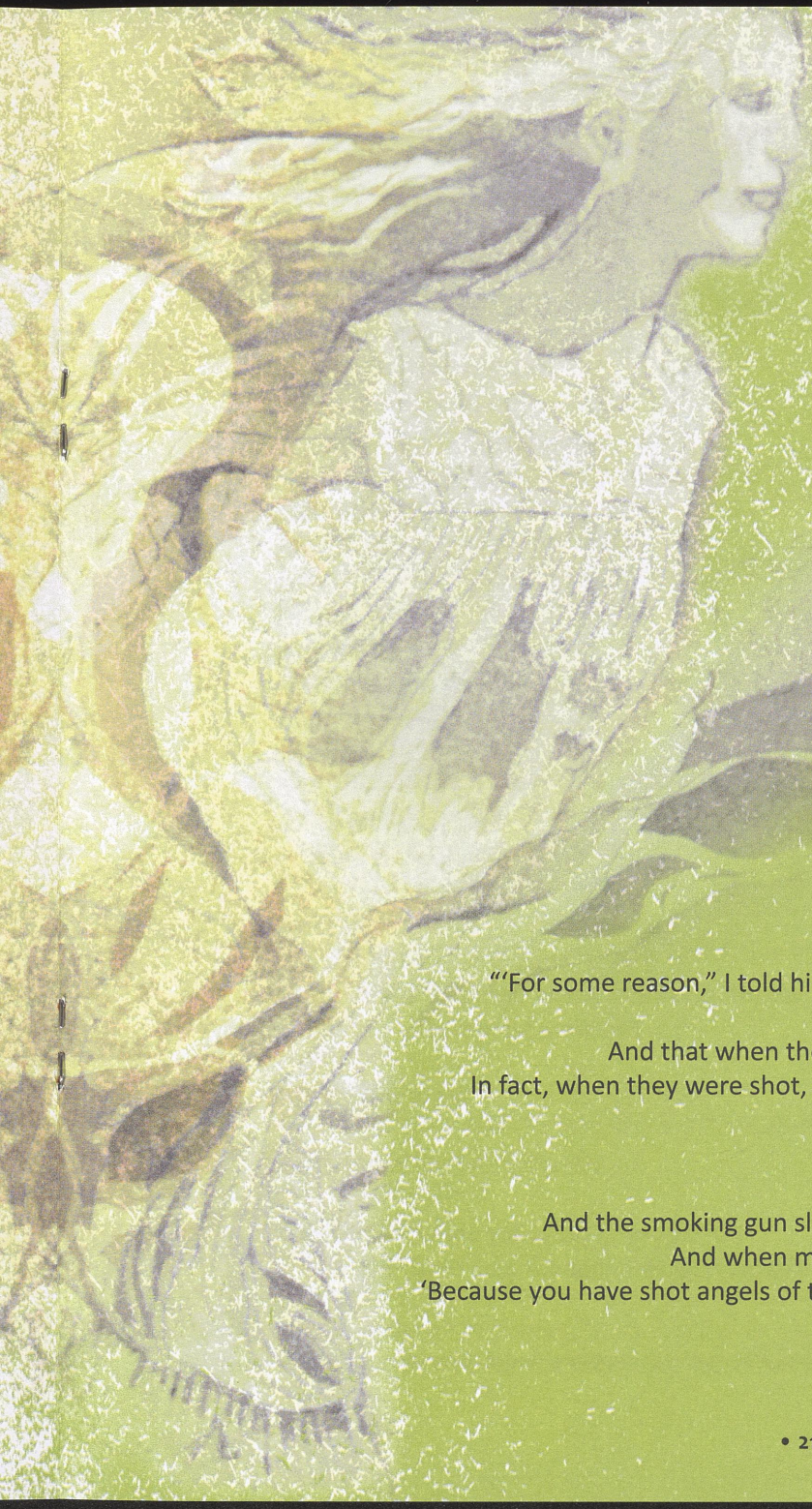
As we entered the realm of crystalline kings
From the mount to the stars, my darling guide
Held me fast as we crossed the fiery ring

A scintillating diamond crust defied
All my blind science and reason could muster
And I stood dumbstruck until my eye spied

A host of beings with soft abstract luster
Their words and sweet songs caressed my soft heart
Urging us deeper into the celestial cluster

And thus my art turned to faith and my faith into art
As I gazed at the empyrean rose
And in the love and the wisdom and grace set apart
We found our everlasting repose

"Angel Run" (digitally altered) by Grayson Eckert



"ANGELS OF THE EARTH"

BONNIE SCOTT

When asked by my teacher to tell him a story
I told him I knew none
But he persisted, and in the end he won
That day I felt dreamy and sad and alone
So the following is the story I told:
"'For some reason," I told him, "a troop of angels had been shot and dissolved
when they hit the hard ground,
And that when they landed gracefully, they made no distinct sound.
In fact, when they were shot, they left not a single sign that they had ever lived,
But the people knew.
I knew.
And I cried until I could cry no more
And the smoking gun slipped from my shaking fingers to the forest's floor
And when my god asked why I would shoot an angel, I replied,
'Because you have shot angels of the Earth, why should you save those of the sky?'"

quotation taken from David Berman

"INEVITABLE SAMENESS"

EMILY BUZHARDT



There is an inevitable sameness
To the problems of the world.
Earthquake,
Hurricane,
Fire,
Famine,
Poverty.
Some acts of nature,
others man-made,
some both.

The enormity of loss
envelops us early on,

But interest fades.
This time will be different,
We tell ourselves in the drama of the moment.
This time we will stay the course.

We won't give up.

We won't let our minds stray.

But this time probably won't be different,
and history suggests that we won't stay the course.

a "found poem" from *When Soft Hearts Make Smart Policy* by Jon Meacham

"In an Elevator" by Grayson Eckert

"PUT THE NEEDLE THROUGH THE THREAD AND PULL"

ABBY SMITH

My dreams are filled with violet skies
With shadows laughing in the dark corners.
Children play,
Giggling in the starlight
As night melts into the horizon
Kidnapping what's left of the sun.
I watch the scene with childlike fascination.
My world spins round and round
On a merry-go-round for freaks.
I stumble back and fall onto the happy, yellow metal.
The horses, skeleton monsters,
Hiss viciously as they dance
Hypnotic and frightening.
I say not a thing,
Listening to the music.
The jingle is the tune of my music box,
Deathly innocent and disturbing
As gears creak inside the great machine.
The world fades into the next.
My skin is hot with fever.
I roll away from the blinding light of the sun in the desert
And take a mouthful of grainy sand.
I spit it out,
Disgusted.
It only leaves me bitter and spiteful.
I want no more than to have the familiar tingle of Mother's perfume in my lungs.
Breathe in, breathe out.
Just to remember,
I write every gory detail down in red ink.
With a heavy sigh slipping through my chapped lips,
I move to slip under clean sheets and fall asleep until the world has ended.
Please leave all your hate for me before you lay down your roses,
And only sing the hymns that your heart whispers it believes in.



"Needle" by Kelly Earthman

"THOUGHTS ON DROWNING"

MARIA ASAD

Despondency had come upon her there in the wakeful night, and had never lifted. There was no one thing in the world that she desired The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander in abysses of solitude.

-Kate Chopin, *The Awakening*



"Lost" by Megan Darnell

I didn't have wings
Was not able to prevail
Traded them for fins
And forgot my desire
To live

I had resources
That could have aided my flight
Had allies, well-wishers and
A paramour who knew best
But these melted away in

The swirling of the sea
That carried away the detritus of life
The ambiguity of love
The wantonness of sex
The myopia of mores

Creating a space that was formerly inhabited
By a woman just discovering the fullness
of her personhood

"WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL ME?"

JULIE WILSON



Your pillow's cold.
The lingering scent
Of sunshine shampoo
Haunts me as I leave your room.

Why didn't you call me?
When you stared into that tinted glass
And didn't know the person looking back,
Why didn't you call me?

I waited with my sneakers on
Shoelaces tied, ready to run.
It would have taken three rings to hear my voice,
Three rings for you to make a different choice.

I rest my head on your wall,
As I imagine what it took for you to fall.
So strong, so brave, so unafraid,
So weak, so naïve, so easy to break...

Why didn't you call me?
I would've picked up
Held the phone all night long
Stringing together what remained of your life

I bang my head and drop my phone
As I realize you were all alone
Too scared to dial, too afraid to know
Why didn't I call you?

I had my chance, your number dialed,
My thumb pushed END, so juvenile
Assuming you would scream my name
That you, so lost, could find the strength

In that moment between life and death,
When the gun remained unloaded in your hand
You waited and looked at your cell phone screen
And when you only saw yourself, you didn't call me

Why didn't I call you?
I was too scared
Why didn't you call me?
The line was already dead

"Trouble in Mind" by Allison Richter

"EARLIEST KNOWN MECHANICAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT"

CAROLINE HAWKINS

wind me up please,
i've been waiting in my box
to hear what my song is
i've been ready to dance
it's strange, my legs can't move
i just spin looking pretty
only for you to close me again
when the music sto

"ATHENA VERSUS ARACHNE"

CAROLINE HAWKINS

my mind is fearless
but my heart catches fears in a spider web
the fear of being alone is habitually clinging
heartbreak caught in my web cannot escape
I catch a fear, as it begs for freedom, and wrap it with my spider silk
you see, I am a spider with arachnophobia
scared of my potential to catch every living insect
I wait for someone to destroy my web,
step on the very thing I have spent my whole life constructing
but that would be cheating
for the best way to stop fears is to eat them



"THE SKY"

BONNIE SCOTT

Stars hang
Like suspended hope
In the night sky

The sun shines
Like a brilliant soul
Never to be silenced

The dark of night holds tightly
To the only world
It has ever known

We are all a part of the earth
In body
But the sky
In soul



"HAITI"

SARA SCHOTT

A collapsed Hôtel de Ville
A dusty child in the street
Tragedy lit up on a screen
I eat a chocolate bar, so sweet



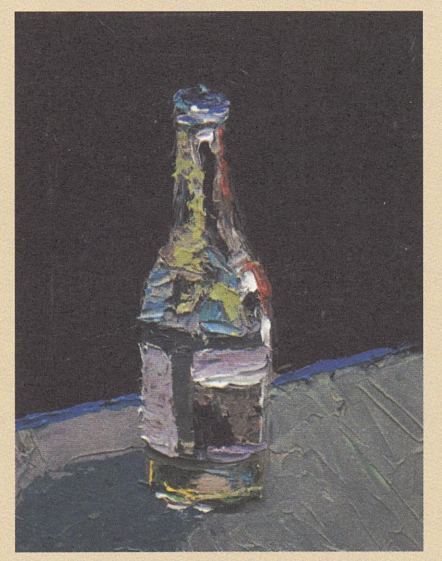
"Brothers" by Jenny Cook

"DRINKER"

ANONYMOUS

The wrinkles run down his face like rivers
Curving around the worn parts of leathery skin
Flowing into a lake above his chin
The dark blue water is salty with tears
And the river is as deep as his forty- two years.
The hand betrays the arm, the vital link.
A constant tremble,
The bottle poured down the sink.
A face in the mirror
Searches the foggy chasm
Between then and now.
He promises to get clean,
And desires to know how.

I may have missed truth's veil
I might have believed the lie.
A bottle waiting under the bed
For moist lips that will never be dry.



"One Last Sip" by Andie Estes

DRAMATIC MONOLOGUES

american voices

"FLANNERY O'CONNOR"

GRACE TIPPS



At five years old,
I taught a chicken to walk backwards—
The Pathé cameras came,
and you could say everything after that
was shilly-shally.
Pheasants, geese, Japanese Bantam—
They were lacking, you see.
But I found my peafowl, my "feathered worthy,"
in the Florida Market Bulletin,
and I knelt, for all eternity,
before His splendid tail.
People of "gumption" feared his screams
in the night, like a pistol shot from the woods.
But I collected his dear feathers from the ground
and clenched them until they touched bone.
Some called me diabolical.
They didn't want to become
a proud corpse,
waiting in line at the Coca-Cola machine.
Did they assume that the river
would have them, if they wished?

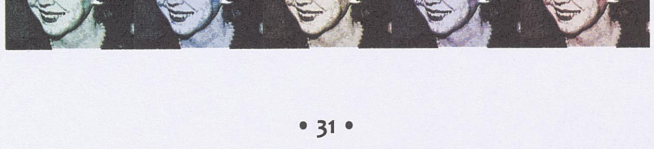


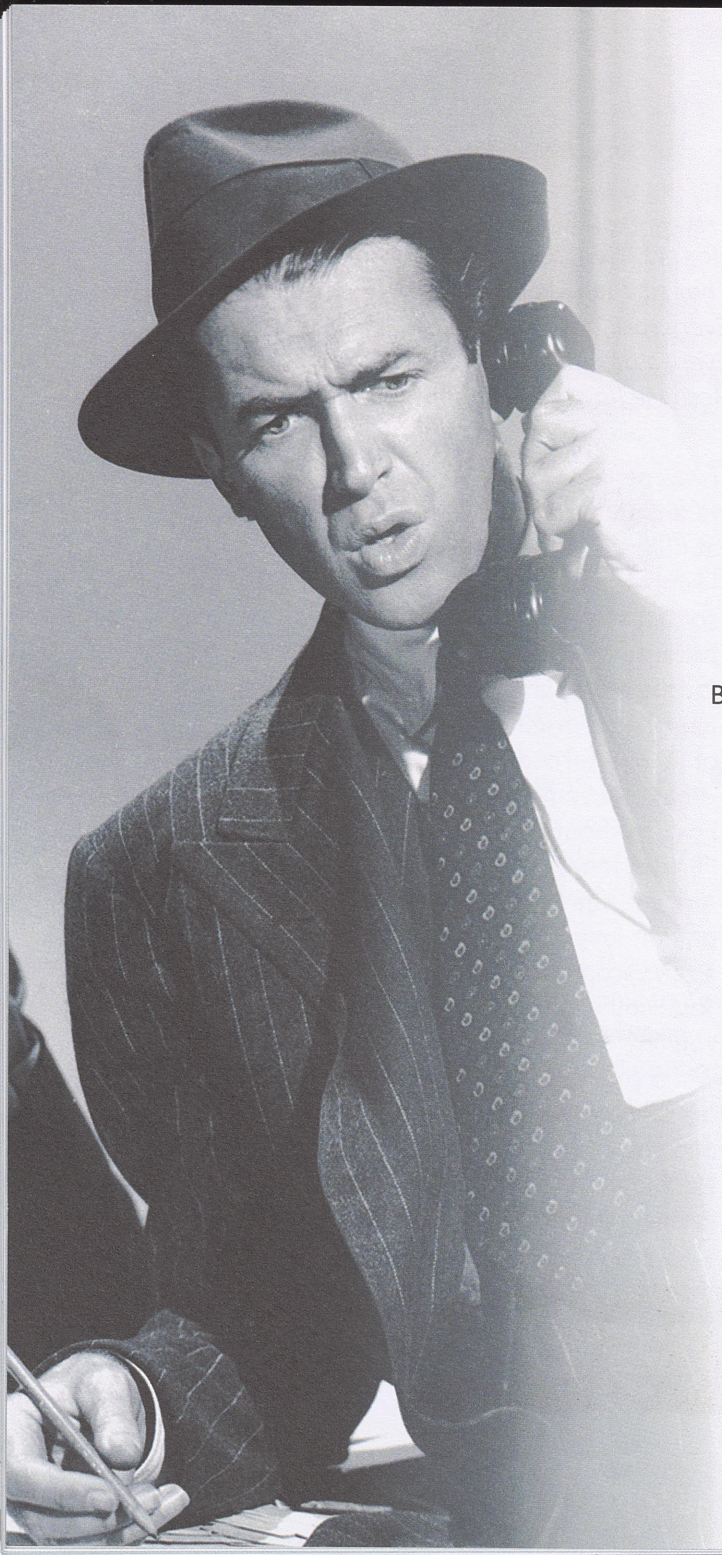
Did they never imagine that
their final hope just might be
sodden swine, brandishing peppermint clubs?

I was still young when my father's pathology
reared its head from the grave
to turn my flesh against itself.
So I returned to Andalusia and spent my days
scrawling prophecies
and bending over metal vices
for His brilliant feathers.
Do you think in all that time,
I never desired more from anyone
than a kiss on the brain?
Believe me, I loved.
I just couldn't win hearts, seeing as
the good ones are hard to find—
and even they are repelled
by the granite angel's wicked wit.
And no, I never did pursue
a more loving
poke.

Still, the good folks of Midgeville
went digging up onions,
hoping to catch me blowing depraved kisses
at Maryat Lee.
But even she knew
that if she had come up with
an "I love you"
by the fence, I would have gone
"flippity-flopping" away on my sticks.
A Catholic woman will act like
a "damn Puritan" when she's staring
down the gunsight of her fickle sovereign's
glittering-blue neck, trying desperately to see
what He sees.

I was never tempted
to abandon the hard of hearing
at filling stations along the way.
I kept shouting,
so that some might hear,
because my heart broke so hard
for the mute lamb,
baptizing himself in the mess
of an overturned ashtray.
What else could I do
besides shout?
I'll admit that I judged everyone.
And yet, see how I laid myself out
on that long table
as an exceptional feast for all.
Yes, I still know the horror
you feel
when you look closer at Mr. Paradise
or the bony, sweating youth,
and you see your own eyes,
like metal spikes,
gazing right back.





"JIMMY STEWART"

AMY BOWERS

Oh you must be oh so smart,
Or oh so pleasant—
And I recommend oh so pleasant.
You just have to love
Every minute of life
Like you can't think of any place
You'd rather be.
Because you can always have a fine time
Wherever you are
And with whomever you're with.
And always give girls flowers
Because nothing else can make them look as lovely.
And once you see their beautiful smile,
Get to know her
Because there might be a lot of things
You don't know about each other.
People seldom go to the trouble anymore
Of simply scratching the surface,
Finding the inner truth.
But when she's mad, she'll say,
'I don't want to see you for a
Long
Long
Long time.'
But if you love her, she'll only stay away
Until tomorrow night.
Because when two people love each other
They come together...
WHAM
Like two taxis on Broadway.
Because a man only needs one thing in life:
He needs someone to love.

And if you can't give him that,
Give him something to hope for.
You see, either I am dead right
Or I'm crazy.
And, of course, tell your boys
What their country means.
It's not just reading *The Land of the Free*,
With liberty buried in history books.
Instead, every day you should say,
I am free to think and to speak.
My ancestors couldn't—I can,
And my children will.
They won't yield to the floor.
They will get off the ground
Like Lady Liberty on top of the capitol dome,
And look at this country through her eyes
If they really want to see something.
They'll see that man can stand
On his own two feet
No matter what his
Race,
Color,
Or Creed.
Because of just one, plain, simple rule—
Love thy neighbor.
Because in this hatred-filled world
We need more men like my father
Who knew this one, plain, simple rule.
And so he fought for those lost causes.
He fought harder for them than any others.
Because the only fights worth fighting for
Are the lost causes.
And even if this is just rear window ethics,
I know my dad had the right idea.
He said, *'Son, don't miss the wonders*
That surround you because every tree,
Every rock, every anthill,
Every star is filled with the wonders of nature.
Because have you ever noticed
How grateful you are
To see daylight again after a
Long, dark tunnel?
So, always try to see life around ya
As if you'd just come out of a tunnel.'
So, maybe I'm just a man
Spending my whole life holding on
To hopes and dreams
That are never going to come true.
But why would I give up now
When we need them the most?
Because, you see, when your boss
Hands you the bonus envelope
You wonder how much is in it,
And you don't want to open it
Because as long as it's closed,
You're a millionaire.
So take the key
And open up post office box number 28.
Take me out of my envelope
And kiss me
Because I am Jimmy Stewart
And it's a wonderful life.



"HOWARD HUGHES"

GRACE ALBRITTON

Well I was Texas born, but LA bound, an oil profit paved my way
Daddy set it up real nice this family biz, but did I choose to stay?
No—
Up in the sky my days passed by, with ceaseless exhilaration
My adrenaline pumps, and up that high I became a new creation
I wanna get high: higher, higher
My plane comes crashing down
Twice more: higher, higher
I refuse to drown

Now the West Coast became my home, making movies perfectly
Check the rolls, review the frames, day and night, I worked endlessly
Perfect—
Woman's breasts and golden chests were what I then pursued
But underneath this façade of perfection, something darker lay unviewed ...
I gotta get high: higher, higher
Success is all around
Come on: higher, higher
I deserve a crown

In my later years (as all could see) I went a bit insane
Lost gained political power and even luck with dames
Slip—
Abuse of prescriptions and mental wreckage cost me everything
One would think I'd straighten up, but I'll fall a broken king
I still need to get high: higher, higher
It numbs pain that surrounds
Forever more: higher, higher

I'll die here in this town

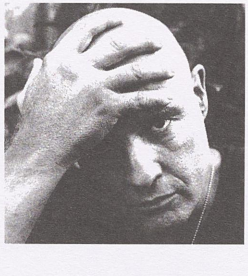


"O.J. SIMPSON"

CASSIE SANDERS

Orenthal James, O.J. aka 'The Juice'
That's my name
Go ahead wear it out.
I rushed too much
And yet not enough
Scars on my knees as proof
2,003 yards in 14 games
Riding like a black bull in Buffalo Bill's show
Marguerite was too good,
It wouldn't last
But we put on a show
Baby, we showed them
How a marriage falls apart in deep water
But it was all enough to have my wall in fame
Smack 'er around
"On simple harassment"
I showed world control
Grinning in those moments when she fell
Black and blue, now who's lookin' good?
Nicole and that bastard Goldman
Were just collateral damage on
My road to immortality;
Those cracker officers
"misused" the evidence.
It was only too easy
To use blind justice as a crutch.
It only cost me $33.5 million in pocket change
Nice job "dream team."
Rickets was only in the beginning
I rose as a star
And shot down like one in history.
Now I'm sitting in a 6x6
Waiting for my ride on the outside
In eight years
Maybe six for good behavior.
Lovelock Correction
Locked inside a stiff body
But don't feel sorry for me:
If the glove does not fit
You must acquit—
But if I had done it
This is how I would've ...





"MARLON BRANDO"

GRIFFIN SAUNDERS

Imagine a world without Marlon Brando.

The horror, the horror...



CD TAB IMAGES • SPECIAL THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING STUDENTS FOR THEIR ARTWORK

Julia Alexander, Caroline Allen, Sara Brown, Alex Bryant, Kyle Campbell, Hannah Claybrook, Olivia Coble, Addie Cole, Elizabeth Crafton, Anna Crawford, Katherine Dresch, Jamie DuBois, Grayson Eckert, Tess Erlenborn, Allison Fazio, Allison Ferrell, Evan Gibbs, Suzanne Gill, Caroline Green, Monique Hagler, Caroline Hart, Kendal Herring, Noni Hill, Mary Allyn Johnson, Terah Kimbrell, Anna Lines, Madison Longmire, Katie Neal, Olivia Reeve, Leah Shaw, Maddie Shankle, Mattie Rich, Sydney Solarek, Kendall Waddey, Kili Walsh, Eleanor Weeks, Emmy Weikert

"HOW I BEAT SHAQ—OEDIPUS REX: A RAP"

MAGGIE GRISWOLD

Yo guys, check it out, guess what happened to me?
Another crazy story, c'mon O.P.
I was on my way to Thebes, just walkin' along
Eluding my oracle
Yeah, we heard it all
I heard my sheep yelping, I thought it was for me
But then I saw a shadow it was so scary
It was a big old man
What? What did he say?
"I'm gonna kill you if you don't get out of my way"
I told him, "why not, I got some time;
But when I chop off your head, try not to cry"
Please, O.R., are you for real?
Wasn't there anything he wanted to steal?
Nah, grumpy old man from who knows where
You must've been nervous
I knew I could take him
Scare the grouch, psych him out
Said, "Old man, you're in my house now"
Raise my sword, about to blow
Pay attention close as the story goes

It's like bam, I killed the guy who's actually my father
And then I end up marrying my mother
I swear that I'm telling you the facts, cause I'm Oedipus Rex
It's like bam, I killed the guy who's actually my father
And then I end up marrying my mother
I swear that I'm telling you the facts cause I'm Oedipus Rex

So check it out, I thought I'd done it all
But then I saw a monster guarding the Thebes wall
He was killing everyone
Weren't there any cops?
I knew there was a way that I could make it stop
I had a plan, I would play his game
I said, "I'll solve your riddle and win the dame"
He asked me, I got it right
Once again, I've won a challenging fight
Free widow, ha, I win the bet
C'mon Thebes, had enough yet?
Done with two, I'm on my way
Maybe this will turn out to be a good day

chorus

Wrong after wrong, plan after plan
Chorus is singing, "O.P.'s your man!"
The answers were there
Can't believe it was real
Everything this city knows is a false deal
Three more hours, is all that remained
I cut my eyes out, I was too ashamed
I must admit that it sounds real crazy
But my oracle came true and mother's my lady
Sorry, Dad, I should've let you live
I never knew you, we could've been friends
People went nuts; they'd loved me like a brother
Then I heard a voice, and it sounded like my mother's
"Get off the ground, you're writhing in pain"
Ma, can't you see that we have the same name?
"How could you not tell me that you're my son?
Are you really serious; should my life be done?"
Ah, man, it had all come true
And now there was nothing left that I could do
If I'm a big failure, and no one loves me
How is Antigone another story?

It's like bam

THE 2010 HALLMARKS CD

1 — ROSALINE • CLAUDIA CROOK
2 — YELLOW ROSES • SARAH BAUM
3 — WONDERFUL SAVIOR • EMILY GRACE BRANDES
4 — FOR A FRIEND • ANNA CARRO
5 — CATCH THEM • LOGAN DAY
6 — WITHOUT YOU • ANDIE ESTES
7 — LIFE ON MARS • CAROLINE HAWKINS, LOGAN DAY, JOE CROKER
8 — IF I WANTED TO FLY • MADISON JONES
9 — SHADOW IN THE SPOTLIGHT • MAGGIE RUTHERFORD, KYNLIE FREEMAN
10 — STILL LOVING • BONNIE SCOTT (W/ CAT WEISS)
11 — MA BELLE ANNÉE • JESSE STEERE

THE 2010 HALLMARKS STAFF

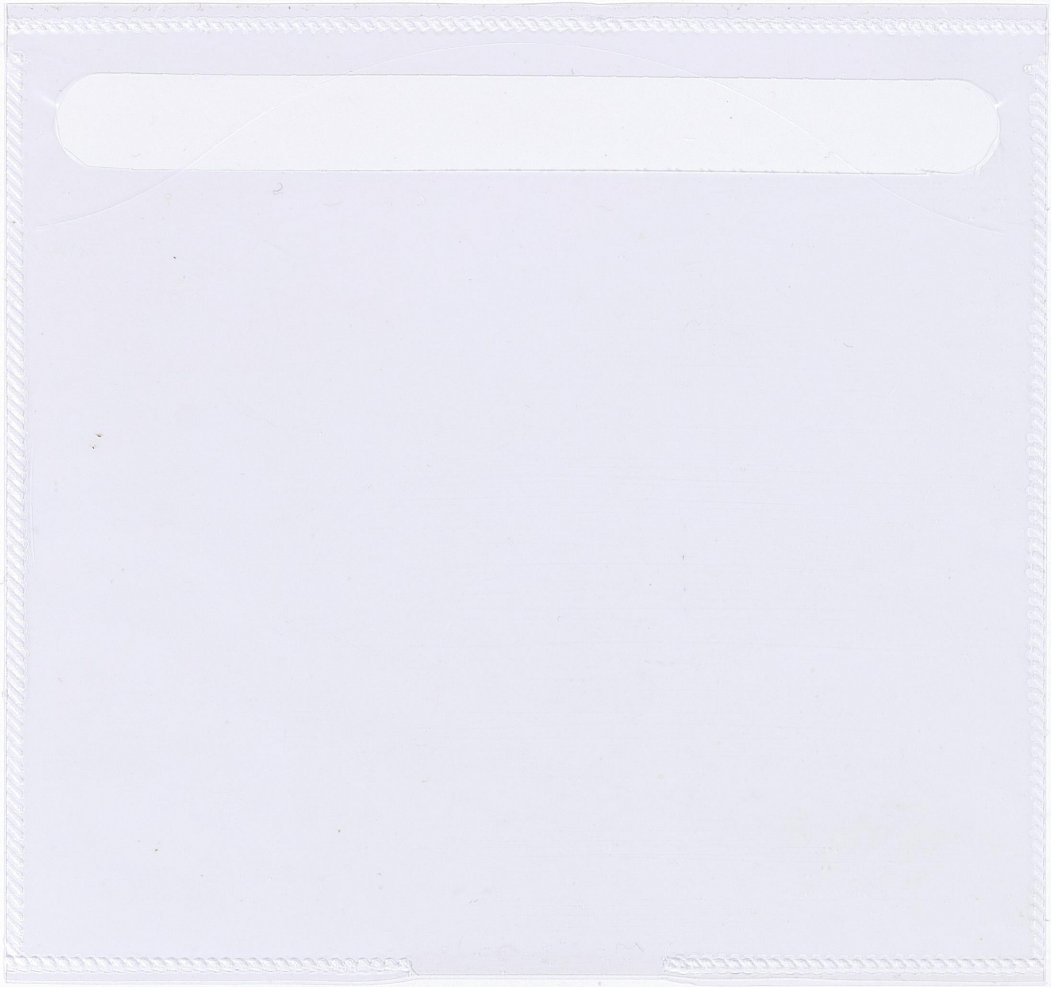
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"BEGINNING OF THE END"

Taylor Barkley

Rising
each morning to
start a new beginning
where everything is as it should
not be.



"Mad Men" by Bridget Bailey